

CDC  
THIS MAGAZINE IS  
HAUNTED

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# HAUNTED

No 17

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN TOO  
FRIGHTENED TO SCREAM... TOO  
TERROR-STRIKEN TO MOVE?  
THIS IS THE SENSATION THAT  
AWAITS YOU BEHIND THIS COVER!

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢

DR. DEATH







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



## SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDERWEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.

No Skinny Scare-Crow for me!



Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. **Guaranteed** to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight\* . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no

dangerous drugs . . . you eat it like candy! Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just \$1.00 or a 30 day supply for only \$2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads

summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wall-flower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

10-DAY  
SUPPLY \$1.  
ONLY

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are **unconditionally guaranteed** to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's delicious, pleasant-tasting tablet! It contains vitamin B-12 . . . the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals . . . It contains iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into well rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now you can help your food to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything. Act now!

We don't want SKINNY on our team!



Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

## SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

## MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 248

318 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and \$1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

NAME..... ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

☐ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for \$2.98. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

## SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

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The following outstanding magazines are easily identified  
on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC MOUSE • COWBOY WESTERN HEROES • CRIME AND JUSTICE • FUNNY ANIMALS  
EHI dig this crazy comic • HAUNTED • HOT ROOS AND RACING CARS • ZOO FUNNIES  
LASH LARUE WESTERN • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • THE THING • SIX-GUN HEROES  
ROMANTIC STORY • SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES • STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES  
SWEETHEARTS • TEX RITTER WESTERN • TRUE LIFE SECRETS • TV TEENS

ON THE BRUTAL GLARE OF THE STARK KLEIG LIGHTS, BRUNO THOR PLAYED HIS HEART OUT IN THE GREATEST ROLE OF HIS CAREER. FOR, TO THE SINISTER MAN-OF-A THOUSAND-GRIEFSOME-FACES, THE GHOSTLY STORY WAS SOMETHING SPECIAL...A MACABRE ADVENTURE IN...

## 3-D

# DISASTER DOOM EATH!



DiCho

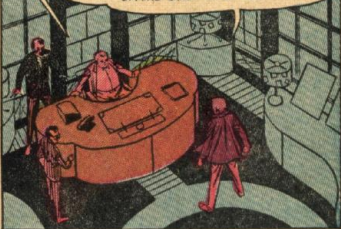
Y-YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE, MR. THOR! THERE'S A CONFERENCE GOING ON...

GET OUTA MY WAY, SISTER! NO ONE KEEPS BRUNO THOR FROM SPEAKING HIS PIECE TO THOSE WILDY LITTLE CRUMBS IN THERE!

SIMON JUST  
STUDIO  
PERVISOR

ALICE, WHO...

TRY TO SHOVE ME AROUND LIKE A LOUSY EXTRA, EH? I HELPED PUT THIS FLEA-BAG STUDIO ON THE MAP...AND I'M NOT GONNA SIT AROUND CALMLY AND LET YOU TWO-BIT BRAINS DROP MY OPTION!



CALM DOWN, BRUNO. THERE'LL BE OTHER CONTRACTS FOR YOU... AFTER THE SCANDAL DIES DOWN! YOU ALMOST KILLED THAT MAN AND THE PUBLIC'S RESENTFUL...

THAT'S FOR THE BIRDS, JUSTIN! MY FANS LIKE ME BRUTAL...AND GRUESOME! THEY GO FOR THAT BLOODY STUFF! JUST LOOK AT THE PARTS I'VE PLAYED...**QUASIMODO...THE GORGON...DEATH!**





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THAT MAN YOU ATTACKED SO VICIOUSLY TALKED PLENTY TO THE NEWSPAPERS, THOR...IT'S KILLED YOU AT THE BOX-OFFICE! AND THAT STRING OF MONSTERS AND GHOULS YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING...THEY RATE ZERO AT THE CASH REGISTER! YOU'RE **THROUGH!**



YOU'LL CHOKE ON THOSE WORDS, YOU DIRTY TIN-HORN...

N-NO... PLEASE...!



I'LL KILL ALL OF YOU BEFORE... ARGHHH!



I WANT YOU OFF THE LOT WITHIN FIVE MINUTES, THOR...FOR GOOD! AND IF THIS DRUNKEN BUM TRIES TO GET BACK INTO THE STUDIO, SERGEANT, YOU AND THE OTHER SPECIAL POLICE ARE TO SHOOT TO KILL! NOW GET HIM OUT OF HERE!



ON YOUR FEET, BROTHER! START MOVING!

THE HOURS PASSED, AND BRUNO THOR TRIED TO DROWN HIS ANGER IN A SEA OF WHISKEY...

IT'S WAY PAST CLOSING TIME, MR. THOR...



SHUT UP, JIMMY...>HIC<...AND LISTEN! ALL I NEED TO GET BACK TO THE TOP IS ONE GOOD PICTURE, SEE? I'D SELL MYSELF...>HIC<...TO THE DEVIL FOR THE KIND OF PART THAT REACHES OUT OF THE SCREEN AND REALLY MAKES PEOPLE SHUDDER! I CAN STILL MURDER AN AUDIENCE!

W-WHO IN SATAN'S NAME...>HIC<... ARE YOU?

I COULDN'T HELP BUT OVERHEAR, MR. THOR...AND I AGREE WITH YOU COMPLETELY, IT JUST HAPPENS THAT I HAVE PRECISELY THE SCRIPT YOU'RE SEARCHING FOR! I'D BE DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU LOOK IT OVER!





# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

NEVER HEARD OF  
THE WRITER...NOT  
ONE OF THE BIG  
SCRIPTERS I'M  
ACCUSTOMED TO!  
BUT THE TITLE ...  
HMMM... INTEREST-  
ING...

PLEASE LOOK THE  
STORY OVER, MR.  
THOR...IT'S JUST  
WHAT YOU NEED TO  
CAP YOUR CAREER.  
I'LL BE IN TOUCH  
WITH YOU SOON.

QUEER! I  
DIDN'T SEE  
THAT LITTLE  
CREEP COME  
IN HERE! HE  
...HE JUST  
SEEMED TO  
POP UP OUTA  
THE FLOOR.

SAY...THIS IS  
A REAL  
**CHILLER!**  
WHOEVER  
WROTE IT  
KNOWS HOW TO  
...**HICE**.. BRING  
OUT THE  
GOOSE  
PIMPLES!

YOU'RE A TRIFLE UNDER  
THE WEATHER, MR.  
THOR...WANT ME  
TO HELP YOU  
HOME?

DON'T...HIC!..  
NEED ANY  
HELP, JIMMY!  
I'LL GONNA CURL  
WITH THIS  
D-CURLER  
SHT! BYE!

THE  
DEVIL'S  
PACT

HIS EYES BUGGING WITH AMAZEMENT, BRUNO THOR READ THE STRANGE SCRIPT FAR INTO THE NIGHT. SLOWLY HIS DOUBTS VANISHED, AS HIS EYES SCANNED THE HORROR-CRAMMED PAGES...

00000000000000000000

THIS THING'LL BE SOCKO IF  
THE CENSOR PASSES IT!  
BRRR...IT MAKES MY BLOOD  
RUN COLD! ONLY TROUBLE  
IS...WHERE'D THAT LITTLE  
GUY COME FROM? WHERE  
ON EARTH DO I CONTACT...  
**OH! H-HOW-D YOU**  
GET IN?

THE DOOR, MR.  
THOR...IT WAS AWAR.  
I TAKE IT YOU LIKE  
MY SCRIPT ?

IT'S STRICTLY 4 STAR STUFF, FRIEND...WITH **THIS** STORY I'LL SHOW JUSTIN, KANE AND THE REST OF THOSE BOOBS THAT I'M STILL TOP-DOG IN THIS BUSINESS! I'M WILLING TO START WORK TOMORROW!

WHY WAIT TILL THEN,  
MR. THOR? WE CAN  
START TONIGHT BY  
SHOOTING THE CLIMAX  
SCENE AS A TEST  
SHOT!

ON EARTH DO I CONTACT...  
OH! H-HOW-D YOU  
GET IN ?

THE DOOR, MR.  
THOR...IT WAS AJAR.  
I TAKE IT YOU LIKE  
MY SCRIPT ?

BUSINESS! I'M WILLING TO START WORK TOMORROW!

WHY WAIT TILL THEN, MR. THOR? WE CAN START TONIGHT BY SHOOTING THE CLIMAX SCENE AS A TEST SHOT!



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

A SHIVER OF DOUBT RAN THROUGH BRUNO THOR'S BODY, BUT THE VISION OF HIMSELF RESTORED TO THE TOP OF HIS PROFESSION ACTED LIKE HEADY WINE. AND SO, GUIDED BY THE LITTLE MAN, HE HURRIED THROUGH THE WIND-LASHED NIGHT...

W-HY...IT'S THE OLD ACME STUDIO! I...I THOUGHT THEY TORE THIS DUMP DOWN YEARS AGO!

IS **THIS** WHERE WE'LL GONNA SHOOT THE PICTURE, FRIEND? THERE ARE ENOUGH GHOSTS AROUND THIS MAUSOLEUM TO...

GIVES US EXACTLY THE MACABRE MOOD WE'RE AFTER, DON'T YOU THINK? AH...THE OTHERS ARE WAITING.

G-GOOD LORD! IT...IT'S JUSTIN, KANE AND THE OTHERS! WHAT KIND OF GAG...?

THEY'RE ALL MADE OF PLASTIC...ANOTHER SKILL OF MINE! AND I'VE EQUIPPED THEM TO MOVE AS IF ALIVE...A TRICK WHICH MUST REMAIN MY SECRET! COME...WE'LL DO THE LAST SCENE!

UNCERTAINTY GNAWED AT BRUNO THOR'S BRAIN...THE EERIE SETTING WAS ALMOST TOO MUCH EVEN FOR THE MAN-OF-A-THOUSAND-GRIEFSOME-FACES. BUT BEFORE HE COULD BACK OUT...

GOT THE PART MEMORIZED, MR. THOR? GOOD! THE SPECIAL THREE-DIMENSIONAL CAMERAS ARE READY TO ROLL!

T-THIS SET-UP IS CRAZY! A TERRIFIC SCRIPT FALLS INTO MY LAP FROM NOWHERE...THE CREEPY GUY WHO DELIVERS IT ALSO MAKES PLASTIC DOUBLES OF MY WORST ENEMIES, DESIGNS THE SETS, FIXES THE LIGHTS AND WORKS THE 3-D CAMERA! ALL **SOLO!** W-WHO THE DEVIL IS HE?

Alice, who...? **BRUNO THOR!** WHAT...HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?

THE SET...IT LOOKS LIKE...IT IS JUSTIN'S OFFICE! BUT...BUT HOW DID IT GET HERE? AND JUSTIN...H-HE'S NOT FOLLOWING THE SCRIPT...



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THE PLASTIC DUMMY IS SO LIFELIKE I KEEP THINKING OF IT AS JUSTIN **HIMSELF!** HE...IT...P-PULLING A GUN! TIME TO JUNK THE SCRIPT AND SAVE MY NECK! THAT...THAT WHISKEY BOTTLE...!



I-IT LOOKS AN AWFUL LOT LIKE THE ONE I TOOK FROM JIMMY'S PLACE! HOW IN HADES DID IT GET **HERE?** **ULP!** T-THAT DUMMY...OUT TO KILL ME, UNLESS I DEFEND MYSELF!



N-NO... THAT...THAT **MADMAN!** HE'S KILLING MR. JUSTIN WITH THAT AWFUL BOTTLE!



S-STAY AWAY FROM ME, YOU...YOU NIGHTMARES! OR I'LL KILL...**KILL!**



M-MY HEART, ALICE...I'M CHOKING...

MR. CRUMP! HE...HE'S HAD AN ATTACK! AND THAT INSANE BUTCHER...HE-HE'S COMING FOR ME!



NO SURVIVORS...NOT EVEN TO THIS DREAM, OR WHATEVER IT IS! NO ONE TO TELL WHAT HAPPENED...



ALL RIGHT, LITTLE MAN...NOW IT'S **YOUR** TURN! COME OUT AND TAKE IT...OR I'LL CHASE YOU THROUGH THIS INSANE ASYLUM LIKE A CORNERED RAT!





# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

SPLENDID IMPROMPTU PERFORMANCE, MR. THOR... I HOPE YOU DIDN'T MIND MY ALTERING THE SCRIPT FOR THE SAKE OF SPONTANEITY! COME... I'LL RUN OFF THE FILM FOR YOU!

ANOTHER LITTLE TRICK, MR. THOR... A SECRET OF MINE! NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT THE PLASTIC DUMMIES... THEY'VE SERVED THEIR PURPOSE ADMIRABLY... AN... SIT RIGHT DOWN! I'LL RUN THE FILM OFF FOR YOU IMMEDIATELY!



IN A DRUGGED TRANCE BRUNO SAGGED INTO THE CHAIR, AN EERIE SHAFT OF LIGHT ILLUMINATED THE ROOM AND ONE WALL LEAPED WEIRDLY TO LIFE...

BUT... BUT THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! HE'S DEVELOPED THE FILMS JUST LIKE HE SAID...

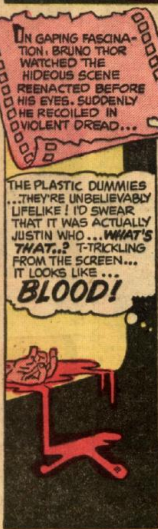


IN GAPING FASCINATION, BRUNO THOR WATCHED THE HIDEOUS SCENE REENACTED BEFORE HIS EYES. SUDDENLY HE RECOILED IN VIOLENT DREAD...

B-BUT IT TAKES HOURS TO DEVELOP THE RUSHES! HOW CAN YOU POSSIBLY...?

THE PLASTIC DUMMIES... THEY'RE UNBELIEVABLY LIFE-LIKE! I'D SWEAR THAT IT WAS ACTUALLY JUSTIN WHO... WHAT'S THAT...? T-TRICKLING FROM THE SCREEN... IT LOOKS LIKE...

**BLOOD!**



O-D-RIPPING FROM THE SCREEN... BUT HOW? I-IT'S A TRICK... A TRICK... TO MAKE THE FILM SEEM EVEN MORE THREE DIMENSIONAL! BUT... BUT THIS IS TOO GRISLY, EVEN FOR ME! **STOP THE FILM! STOP IT!**

NOT QUITE YET, MR. BRUNO!



T-THE PICTURE OF ME... IT'S MOVING OUT OF THE SCREEN TOWARD ME! T-THIS IS CRAZY... I-I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND...





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K-KEEP AWAY FROM ME...  
WHATEVER YOU ARE!  
NO 3-D FILM EVER ACTED LIKE THIS!  
M-MY EYES ARE PLAYING TRICKS ON ME...OR...  
OR MY BRAIN!



A SCREAM OF AGONY SHATTERED THE SILENCE, THEN THERE WAS SILENCE... A MOMENT LATER, A FIGURE SUDDENLY MATERIALIZED, AS IF FROM NOWHERE...

OLD RUINS LIKE THIS STUDIO ARE SO DRY, A SINGLE CARELESS MATCH MIGHT START A CONFLAGRATION. A GENUINE FIRE HAZARD...A REAL MENACE...



THE NEXT MORNING, OUTSIDE THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES AT TITAN STUDIOS...

THAT BLAZE LAST NIGHT SURE WRECKED THE SKELETON OF THE OLD ACME PLANT, DIDN'T IT? HEARD THE FIRE ENGINES CLEAR ACROSS TOWN, I'M SORTA WORRIED...NOT LIKE ALICE JUNO TO LEAVE HER DESK LAMP BURNING ALL NIGHT, C'MON, JANITOR...OPEN MR. JUSTIN'S DOOR!



MUSTA BEEN AN ALL NIGHT CONFERENCE, IF YOU ASK ME. MR. JUSTIN DOESN'T OFTEN...  
G-GOOD GOD! J-JUSTIN...KANE...  
CRUMP...ALICE...HACKED TO DEATH!



B-BUT THE DOOR WAS LOCKED FROM INSIDE...AND ALL THE WINDOWS ARE TIGHT SHUT! WHAT...WHAT DERANGED MADMAN COULDN'T HAVE DONE THIS?

FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, SERGEANT, I'D SAY IT WAS SOMEONE WHO HAD A PACT WITH THE DEVIL!



The End



# A SIMPLE WISH

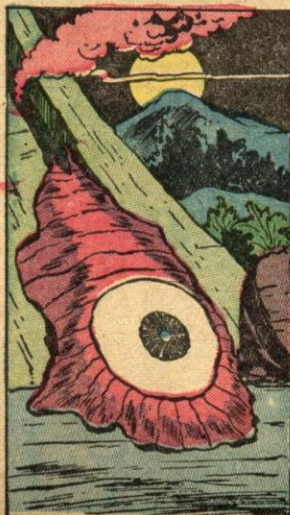


**WE** DIDN'T ASK MUCH----JUST THE SAME, SIMPLE THING WE ALL WANT! OF COURSE, WE KNOW IT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE! IT ALL STARTED THAT NIGHT WHEN, FROM THE STRANGE, UNFATHOMABLE WORKINGS OF THE INNER EARTH, A NEW VOLCANO ROSE, SPEWING AND ROARING MOLTEN LAVA IN SIGANTIC BIRTH-PANGS...

**IMMEDIATELY,** SCIENTIST AND SIGHTSEER RUSHED TO WATCH THE FIERY PHENOMENA THAT LIGHTED THE DARK NIGHT WITH AWESOME GRANDEUR!



**FINALLY,** THE WATCHERS LEFT TO SLEEP, BUT THE NEW VOLCANO CONTINUED ITS SATANIC UP-HEAVAL, RENDING THE EARTH WITH HUGE AND DEEP FISSURES THAT STEAMED WITH FIRES OF SATAN! IT WAS BUT AN HOUR BEFORE DAWN WHEN, FROM ONE OF THE NEW, DEEP FISSURES, A STRANGE AND SICKENING THING APPEARED....

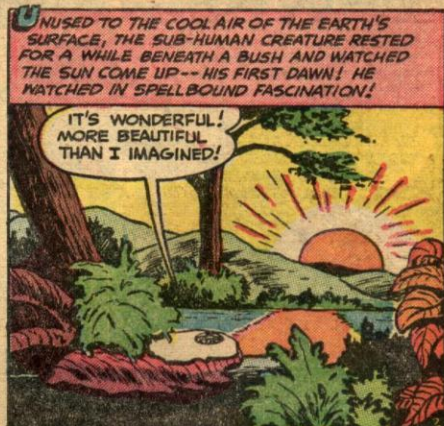
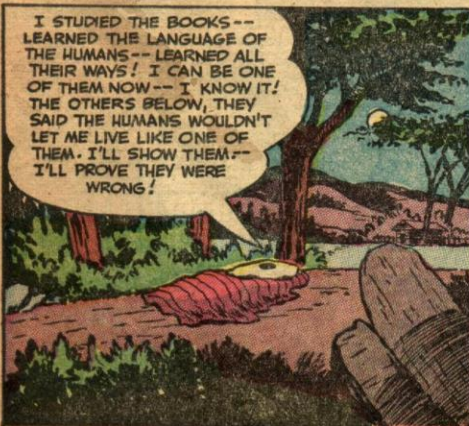


**SLOWLY,** THE FRIGHTENING THING OOOZED FROM THE STEAMING FISSURE TO LAY QUIETLY UPON THE EARTH'S SURFACE FOR A LONG MOMENT! ITS PURPLISH-RED HUE, LIKE THAT OF AN OVER-RIPE PLUM, CARRIED A FOUL, CHARRED ODOR!





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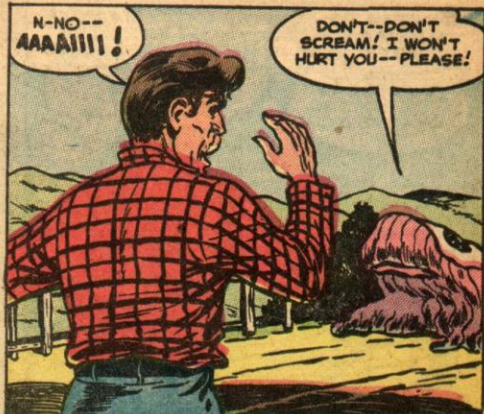
# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

**A**S THE SUN ROSE HIGHER, THE EARLY WORKERS LEFT THEIR HOMES. A FARMER TRUDGED DOWN THE ROAD, A GAUNT, ELDERLY MAN, AND THE CREATURE FROM INNER EARTH SLID FORWARD TO GREET HIM, UNAWARE OF ITS OWN TERRIBLE, SICKENING APPEARANCE. THE FARMER HALTED, FROZEN IN HORROR!



HEL--LO, FRIEND...!

EH...?



N-NO--  
AAAAHHH!!

DON'T--DON'T SCREAM! I WON'T HURT YOU--PLEASE!



UH! MY--HEART---  
AAAAHHHHH!!

**T**HE FARMER FELL LIFELESS, BUT HIS SCREAM BROUGHT TWO POLICEMEN ON EARLY PATROL! THEY RAN FORWARD WITH DRAWN GUNS AND, WITH THE INSTINCTIVE KNOWLEDGE THAT IS A PART OF ALL LIVING THINGS, THE CREATURE FLED TOWARD THE WOODS.

IT'S OLD JENKINS-- DEAD! HE HAD A BAD HEART! SOMETHING FRIGHTENED HIM AND IT GAVE OUT! WHAT WAS IT?

SEARCH ME! I SAW SOMETHING GO INTO THE WOODS, BUT MY EYES MUST HAVE BEEN PLAYING TRICKS ON ME! PROBABLY A DOG! POOR JENKINS!



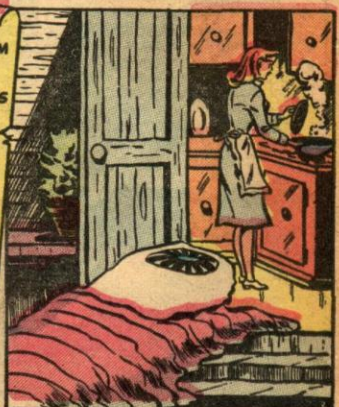
**M**EANWHILE, IN THE SILENT WOODS, THE SUB-EARTH CREATURE TREMBLED, HALF IN FRIGHT, HALF IN ANGER.

HE--HE WOULDN'T EVEN TALK TO ME! HE JUST SCREAMED! MAYBE THE OTHERS WERE RIGHT! MAYBE THE HUMANS WON'T LET ME LIVE LIKE ONE OF THEM JUST BECAUSE I LOOK A LITTLE DIFFERENT!



NO--I WON'T BELIEVE THAT! THEY BOOKS SAID THAT THEY HAD FRIENDSHIP FOR OTHERS, THAT THEY JUDGED OTHERS NOT BY LOOKS BUT BY DEEDS. THEY'LL LEARN I MEAN NO HARM!

**A**FTER A WAIT, THE CREATURE FROM INNER EARTH VENTURED FORTH AGAIN. MANY HOURS HAD PASSED SINCE HIS COMING UPON EARTH'S SURFACE AND HUNGER GNAWED AT HIM. SILENTLY HE OZZED HIS HORRIBLE SELF TOWARD A MODEST HOUSE. THE BACK DOOR WAS OPEN AND A WOMAN WAS IN THE KITCHEN...





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**B**UT THE TERROR-STRUCK, HYSTERICAL WOMAN CONTINUED HER SCREAMING AND THE CREATURE PROPELLED ITSELF FORWARD TO FASTEN UPON HER. SOMEHOW, HE HAD TO STOP THIS HUMAN'S SCREAMING! HE MEANT NO HARM! IF ONLY SHE'D STOP SCREAMING...!



**T**HEN HE HEARD THE SOUNDS--- HARSH CRIES AND THE BAYING OF HOUNDS! PROPELLING HIS FLACCID BODY WITH SURPRISING SPEED, HE FLED FROM THE HOUSE JUST AS THE POLICE, BROUGHT BY THE WOMAN'S SCREAMS, DREW NEAR!



I MEANT NO HARM! SHE WOULDN'T EVEN SPEAK TO ME. SHE JUST SCREAMED AND SCREAMED! THEY WERE RIGHT-- THE HUMANS WON'T LET ME LIVE AS ONE OF THEM. THEIR BOOKS LIED! THEY HAVE NO FRIENDSHIP FOR OTHERS!



**W**ITH THE POLICE AND BLOODHOUNDS CLOSE BEHIND, TRACKING THE FOUL CHARRED ODOR WITH EASE, THE CREATURE CAME TO A LONE SHACK IN THE WOODS. HE SLIPPED INTO THE DOORWAY TO SEE AN OLD MAN SITTING ALONE INSIDE A SPARSELY FURNISHED ROOM.

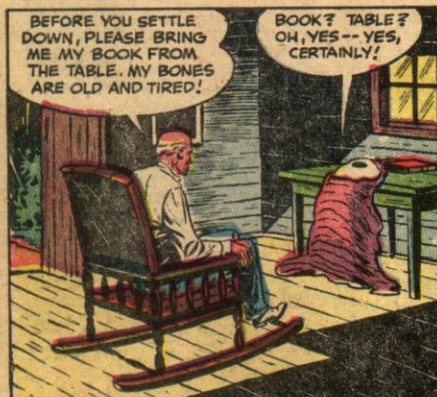




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**T**HE CREATURE FROM THE EARTH'S DEPTH KNEW SURPRISE, AND INSTANTLY HIS SIMPLE HOPES BURST INTO LIFE ANEW AT THE OLD MAN'S WORDS!



**R**EACHING ITS BONELESS BODY UPWARDS TO THE TABLE TOP, THE CREATURE PAUSED TO GLANCE AT THE OLD MAN'S BOOK. INSTANTLY, A STRANGLING CRY BURST FROM THE STRANGE BEING, TRULY A CRY FROM ANOTHER WORLD!



**W**ITH ITS STRANGLING CRY STILL HANGING IN THE AIR, THE CREATURE RUSHED INTO THE PATH OF ITS PURSUERS! A VOLLEY OF SHOTS SPLIT THE AIR AND WITHIN SECONDS THE BONELESS FORM LAY DEAD!



**B**UT INSIDE THE SHACK, THE OLD MAN'S BOOK BORE THE WORDS THAT HAD KILLED A DREAM, A SIMPLE DREAM TO LIVE LIKE A HUMAN BEING! YET THE STRANGE CREATURE HAD WATCHED THE SUN RISE AND HAD SEEN THE STARS AND THE MOON. IS THERE REALLY MORE?





MIKE PERRY WANTED VENGEANCE ON HIS WIFE AND THE MAN WHO HAD STOLEN HER AFFECTIONS. WHAT IT LED TO WAS A...

## TRIPLE-HEADER!

IT ALL HAPPENED QUITE ACCIDENTALLY, WHEN MIKE PERRY SAW HIS WIFE AND TOD CROSS MAKING PLANS FOR A FUTURE WHICH DID NOT INCLUDE HIM.

...AND AFTER WE GET RID OF HIM, NORMA DEAR, WE CAN LIVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS!

TOD, DARLING...I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR US TO BE FREE!

B-BUT...HOW CAN WE EVER RID OURSELVES OF MIKE? AS LONG AS HE LIVES HE'LL KEEP US APART!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, BABY! I'VE ALREADY MADE ARRANGEMENTS TO...ER...ER... ELIMINATE THAT HUSBAND OF YOURS!

SLIPPING BACK TO THEIR JUNGLE CAMP, AN INFLURIATED MIKE PERRY MADE HIS OWN ARRANGEMENTS...

TRY TO BUMP ME OFF AND RUN AWAY TOGETHER, EH? I'LL PUT A CRIMP IN THAT SCHEME! OR...I SHOULD SAY...THESE LITTLE PILLS WILL!

A HANDFUL IN TOD'S CANTEEN...ANOTHER HANDFUL IN NORMA'S...AND I SNEAK AWAY AND LET THE POISON GO TO WORK THE FIRST TIME THEY TAKE A SIP!

REPLACING THE POISONED CANTEENS, VENGEFUL MIKE PERRY PREPARES TO DEPART...

JUST IN TIME...I HEAR THEM RETURNING TO CAMP! SO LONG, LOVERS...DRINK TO MY HEALTH WHILE YOU DESTROY YOUR OWN!

HEH, HEH!

IN A FEW MINUTES THEY'LL BOTH BE DEAD! AND I'LL BE AT THE SEA-COAST, DRUNK AND VICTORIOUS!

HEH, HEH, HEH! NOW TO CREEP THROUGH THE JUNGLE AND STRIKE OUT FOR JAKARTA!





# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

**A** FEW MINUTES LATER, BACK AT THE DOOMED JUNGLE CAMP...

THAT'S IT, DARLING...DRINK HEARTY. WE'VE GOT A LONG TRIP AHEAD OF US...AND WE'LL BE TRAVELING FAST AND SILENTLY TO ESCAPE FROM MIKE!



T-THAT WATER, TOD...IT TASTES...TASTES F-FUNNY! MY THROAT...BURNING... EVERYTHING'S SPINNING MADLY...



I-I FEEL AS IF...I'M B-BURNING UP... AIEEE!

5-SOMEBODY... PUT IN OUR CANTEENS... DOSE OF P-POISON!



**T**WO DAYS LATER, IN A PRIMITIVE JUNGLE VILLAGE, A WEIRD PROCESSION ENTERS A HUT...

PUT IN HERE THE BODIES YOU FOUND IN THE WHITE MAN'S CAMP! AND AS I PROMISED, I WILL PAY YOU WELL!



FOR THE BODIES OF THE WHITE MASTERS...I PAY IN THE WHITE MASTERS' OWN COINS! AFTER I HAVE FINISHED WITH THESE TWO THEY WILL MAKE A FINE MATCH FOR THE ONE I OPERATED ON JUST YESTERDAY!



...THE MAN WE WERE PAID TO KILL, ON THE ROAD TO THE SEACOAST TOWN CALLED JAKARTA! YES, A FINE SET! VERY PRETTY, ARE THEY NOT?



LET'S FACE IT, FRIENDS! IN THIS TIME OF SHRUNKEN VALUES YOU COULDN'T WANT MORE OF A BARGAIN! IF YOU'RE INTERESTED, TAKE A CANOE DOWN THE AMAZON AND HEAD INLAND FROM JAKARTA...



# THE CAVE OF CARMON THE GREAT

John Matthewson was proud of his boast that he feared nothing upon the face of this earth. He had been a safe cracker, blackmailer, murderer, spy and a torturer. Now he was gambling on the biggest thing in his forty-five years on this earth. He was in the one room of Hans Gettler's small cottage in the valley of Piermont.

"I promised you that some day I would come," said John Matthewson with pride in his voice. "I am not afraid of the curse upon the mountain. There is a fortune in the cave and I intend to get it."

"What makes you so certain that you can get into the cave and come out alive," questioned Hans Gettler. "The curse is centuries old. It is said that our legendary hero, the Great Carmon, is in that cave. Dressed in his old suit of armor, he defied the enemy that threatened our small republic. Successfully, he took his small army down the mountain side. Then, with a few men, he went up and defeated those who dared to cross the mountain. But cruel winter came and forced him and his men into that cave. They said that the Great Carmon is not dead. He merely lives there, and woe unto those who dare to enter the cave."

John Matthewson laughed; for he wasn't afraid of any curse. The man who had outwitted the police officials in England and on the Continent was certain of his ability to defy any curse.

"Twenty years ago," he said to Hans Gettler, "your father took my uncle and three men up that mountain. A storm came, and they managed to get into that cave. Then came a snowslide, and they were sealed inside alive. You were a boy in those days. Yet, you have watched the mountain-side carefully. Now, for the first time since that tragedy, the cave has been exposed. Do you know that my uncle and those men with him carried a fortune in diamonds and banknotes? They had looted the Continental Express and were trying to cross the border."

"I know that secret," admitted Hans

Gettler. "But even an experienced group of mountain climbers could never reach the cave. And soon the winter snows will come and close up the cave again."

"Prepare yourself for a great surprise," said John Matthewson. "I have a helicopter. We will go right up to the side of that mountain. We will enter the cave and get the fortune. And you are coming with me. One half of it will be yours. I need you just in case something goes wrong, and we have to descend the mountain on foot."

The greed in Hans Gettler's heart made him agree to this plan. And inwardly he smiled. He would see that something happened to that helicopter once they landed. And coming down with John Matthewson, an accident could always take place. Then the fortune would be his.

"This fool thinks I can't read his thoughts," said John Matthewson to himself. "He will plan to get rid of me once we are up there. But I'll beat him at his own game."

The simple folks in the village gathered around the helicopter as it left the ground. They watched the product of our modern civilization go higher and higher. Finally they saw the helicopter hover around the entrance to the cave.

"They are going to throw an anchor and get into the cave," shouted one of the men. "I see them through my powerful glasses. And they are succeeding."

There was a small ledge outside the cave. The entrance was large, and the helicopter was balanced there. John Matthewson got out, followed by Hans Gettler. Both men wore knapsacks with supplies on their backs. There was snow around, and they entered the cave. John Matthewson flashed his light.

"Over there Gettler," he said, "You can see the bodies of my uncle, your father and the other men. They are seated and frozen stiff."

Quickly the two men searched two old stiff valises, but they were empty. They flashed



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

their lights on the ground. It was possible that the valuables had fallen out. Suddenly they saw a skeleton in ancient armor.

"So you two would disturb me in my cave," said the skull that gazed directly at them. "You are looking for the ill-gained loot these men brought with them."

Hans Gettler was rooted to the ground with deadly fear. John Matthewson shook his head, as though by doing so he could make himself feel it was only an illusion.

"I am Carmon the Great," continued the skull. "There are many here who have disturbed me. They are not dead. I am the only one who is not of the land of the living. However, it is my duty to protect this sanctuary against those who would do evil."

There was silence in the cave after the skull had spoken. John Matthewson wasn't going to let himself be tricked by some cheap stage magic.

"I've seen talking skulls and heads," he snapped back, "and one more or less won't frighten me. I know there must be a fortune here. Otherwise why would somebody go to such trouble as to rig up a fake talking unit in armor."

He flashed his searchlight over the ground and then noticed a small package.

"Pick it up, Hans," he ordered, "and open it. Then get that scared look off your face."

Hans Gettler's shivering fingers managed to untie the strings, and he opened the box. From it poured diamonds, pearls and other gems.

"What did I tell you?" boasted John Matthewson. "All we have to do is look around. There must be a lot of cash here. Then we'll leave here."

"That you will never do," said a voice that came from the frozen body of Herbert Matthewson. "You, my own nephew, will join me here as one of the frozen living. That will be our punishment for the criminal lives we have led. Others will come in the future, and they, too, shall suffer. Drop those jewels that you are now taking from the hands of Hans Gettler. Join us now and do not protest."

The jaws of the frozen man moved as he spoke. This was no illusion. And John Matthewson was conscious that he was becoming frightened.

"Let us both get out of here at once," he said to Hans Gettler. "We have a fortune between us in those valuables. Some time later we can return and get the rest of the stuff."

The frozen figure of Hans Gettler's father suddenly moved and words came from the mouth.

"You, too, my son will remain here. Perhaps I shall protect you as you wait for the end of time. But greed and evil also entered your heart as it did mine. I knew the men were crooked when I took them up the mountain."

John Matthewson started for the opening which would take him to the ledge and his helicopter. His eyes noticed that there was a sheet of ice acting as a door and barrier.

"We'll have to break through," he shouted to Hans Gettler. "Let's take out those picks from our knapsacks and get to work before that ice gets any thicker."

For half an hour the men worked. But it seemed the more they chopped, the thicker grew the ice barrier. John Matthewson took out a stick of dynamite.

"We'll blast our way out of here before it's too late."

"But if you use dynamite," protested Hans Gettler, "You will blow up your helicopter or the blast will throw it off the ledge."

"Then you will help me descend," pointed out John Matthewson. "For that's exactly why I brought you with me. Sort of an insurance policy."

John Matthewson lit a short fuse and then he and his companion went back into the cave. They waited but two minutes, and then there was a terrible explosion. The ice barrier was broken, but in its place there were rocks. And at the same time could be heard the rumblings of moving ice, snow, dirt and rocks.

"You started a landslide," yelled Hans Gettler. "Now we will be sealed in here forever."

"Join the others," suggested the skull of Carmon the Great. "You will freeze shortly."

It was as though some hidden irresistible force pulled the two men to the others. They sat down and became frozen solid. Down in the valley a group of villagers watched the landslide. One of them raised his powerful glasses and looked up.

"It has stopped. But the cave is no more, and the helicopter has vanished."

A very old man smiled as he looked up at the mountain. And then he spoke.

"The gems they wanted to get were but paste. I should know. For, when I was with the International Railway Police, we made up that package. Herbert Matthewson and his crooks got it. The nephew and Hans died because of greed. The cave of Carmon the Great is sacred."

The End



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THE SCHEME WAS FOOLPROOF AND DEVILISHLY INGENIOUS... TRULY OUT OF THIS WORLD. BUT BETWEEN GARY CONRAD AND SUCCESS STOOD...

## THE NIGHT PEOPLE





# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED





# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

ALMOST FAINT WITH FEAR, GARY CONRAD WAS APPALLED TO SEE A NEEDLE PLUNGED INTO HIS WRITHING FLESH...

K-KEEP AWAY FROM ME, YOU GHOULS! YOU'RE JUST MY IMAGINATION WORKING OVERTIME! YOU'RE JUST... ARGHHHHH!

AH! GOT THE VEIN VERY FIRST TRY!



MY...MY BLOOD! T-THEY'RE DRAINING IT INTO THAT BOTTLE!

SEE HOW IT SPARKLES... HOW IT GLEAMS LIKE LIQUID FLAME! QUICK... GET THE WINE GLASSES FROM THE CHINAWARE DEPARTMENT!



DROP BY DROP, THE LIFE FLUID DRAINED FROM GARY CONRAD'S TORTURED BODY. THEN, AGHAST, HE WATCHED AS...

A TOAST, MY FRIENDS! TO THE FIRST VISITOR WE'VE DINED ON IN MONTHS!

DELICIOUS! THE HEADIEST BREW I'VE TASTED IN THE DEVIL KNOWS HOW LONG! **SUPERB!**



THE PASSING HOURS WERE A HIDEOUS BLUR TO GARY CONRAD, AS THE GHASTLY MANIKINS DRANK THEMSELVES INTO A WILD FRENZY. SUDDENLY...

IT ISN'T OFTEN WE NIGHT PEOPLE GET A CHANCE TO HOLD A WINGDING LIKE THIS! WE OUGHTA DO THIS MORE OFTEN... MAYBE TRAP A FEW LATE CUSTOMERS, EH? HEE HEE HEE!

HURRY...ONLY TEN MINUTES TILL THE STORE OPENS! TAKE YOUR REGULAR PLACES BEFORE THE SALESGIRLS GET HERE!



NOT A SECOND TO LOSE... GET THE NEWCOMER OFF THE TABLE AND THROW HIM INTO THE REPAIR SHOP WHILE I CLEAN UP THIS MESS! AND BE SURE TO WIPE THE BLOOD OFF YOUR FACES...MIGHT AROUSE THE SUSPICIONS OF THE CURSED DAY PEOPLE!



POWERLESS TO RESIST, GARY CONRAD WAS DRAGGED TO A ROOM FILLED WITH MANIKINS. MINUTES PASSED BEFORE...

T-THEY'RE HOLDING ME PRISONER! IF...IF I DON'T GET TO A DOCTOR FAST I'M A GONER! T-THOSE MEN...THEY'RE ALIVE... THEY'LL UNDERSTAND!





# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THE ANGUISHED SCREAM  
FAILED TO ISSUE FROM  
GARY CONRAD'S STRAINING  
THROAT, IN DESPERATION...

THEY...THEY CAN'T HEAR ME!  
I-I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL  
DIZZY, AS IF I'M FADING  
AWAY! IT'S NOW...OR...  
NEVER...



SUMMONING UP HIS LAST OUNCE OF  
STRENGTH, GARY CONRAD HURLED HIM-  
SELF FORWARD...

M-MUST ATTRACT THEIR...ATTENTION...  
WARN THEM! THOSE HIDEOUS NIGHT  
PEOPLE...ALL OVER...THE BUILDING.  
WAITING...WAITING...

HEH! ONE OF THE WAX  
MANIKINS...FALLING ON  
ITS FACE!



FUNNY! I DON'T  
EVER REMEMBER  
SEEING **THIS**  
DUMMY HERE!  
LOOK AT THAT  
UGLY FACE...NOT  
THE SORT OF THING  
WE USE FOR  
DISPLAY AT  
DIMPLES.

BODY ISN'T BAD...MIGHT  
USE IT IN SPORTING GOODS  
OR THE SHIRT AND TIE  
WINDOW! GIVES ME  
AN IDEA!



A DESPAIRING SOB TREMBLED HYSTERI-  
CALLY ON GARY CONRAD'S LIPS, BUT THE  
TWO MEN FAILED TO NOTICE IT---FOR  
THEY WERE TOO INTENT ON THEIR WORK.

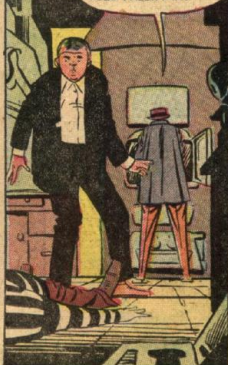
RIGHT AT THE SHOULDER LINE...ONE  
SWING OUGHT TO DO IT. WE CAN  
ALWAYS FASTEN ANOTHER HEAD ON  
THE BODY. HERE GOES...

D-DON'T! FOR...FOR  
HEAVEN'S SAKE....  
PLEASE!



P-PAUL! WHEN  
YOU SWING  
THAT AXE...I-  
I'D SWEAR  
THIS DUMMY  
SQUIRMED!

SNAP OUT OF IT, PAL...  
NEXT YOU'LL BE  
SEEING GHOSTS.  
I'LL JUST THROW  
THIS MESS INTO THE  
OVEN AND LET THE  
WAX MELT DOWN...  
THEN WE'LL GO OUT FOR  
SOME COFFEE, YOU  
NEED FRESH AIR!



AT THE VERY MOMENT THE TWO MEN  
TURNED TOWARDS THE DOOR, THE HEADLESS  
WAX MANIKIN TWITCHED ONCE, THEN LAY  
STILL AS DEATH.

N-NO....  
NO....  
**NO!**



AND AMIDST THE SEARING FLAMES, THERE  
WAS A SOUND VERY MUCH LIKE A STRANGLING  
SHRIEK. JUST THE CRACKLE OF THE FIRE...  
OR IMAGINATION...OR...?



# You Must Believe Me!



**RIDICULOUS!**  
YOU CAN'T BE GIL BUTLER!  
GIL IS ONLY TWENTY-FIVE  
YEARS OLD--A HANDSOME  
AND DARK-HAIRED  
YOUNG MAN--

**BUT I AM BUTLER!** I'M THE MAN YOU SENT TO FIND  
ADAM HEMMING ON RAZORBACK MOUNTAIN! I AGED  
FIFTY YEARS OVERNIGHT AFTER MY HORRIBLE  
EXPERIENCE! IF YOU'LL ONLY LISTEN TO  
MY STORY!

**FEARFULLY,  
QUAKING WITH HORROR,**  
THE OLD MAN TOLD HIS  
STORY--A WEIRD AND HIDEOUS  
TALE OF TERROR THAT ONLY A  
MADMAN WOULD BELIEVE!

**A** WEEK AFTER I RECEIVED MY  
ASSIGNMENT TO FIND HEMMING,  
I WAS IN THE WILDS OF THE RAZORBACK  
MOUNTAINS! IT WAS TOWARD THE  
END OF MY JOURNEY THAT I CROSSED  
THE PATH OF A MONSTROUS OLD CRONE!

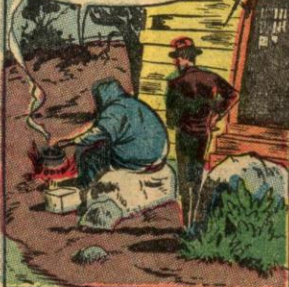
**HEE! HEE!** ADAM HEMMING?  
HIS PLACE IS FIVE MILES UP  
YONDER TRAIL! IT WAS  
JUST YESTERDAY HE  
CAME DOWN TO  
SEE ME!

**BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!**  
HEMING COULDN'T GET DOWN  
THAT TRAIL! HE'S A HOPELESS  
CRIPPLE! HE SEES NO ONE BUT  
THE MAN WHO DELIVERS  
HIS SUPPLIES!

**HEH! HEH!** HE WOULD  
HAVE COME ON HIS HANDS  
AND KNEES TO "TORDSTOOL  
JENNY" FOR WHAT  
HE WANTED!

HE CAME TO SEE ME ABOUT A MAN  
WHO ROBBED HIM! HEMMING  
WANTED A SURE FIRE HEX--  
A SPELL TO BRING THE  
THIEF BACK!

**A-A HEX?**  
I SEE! WELL, ER--  
THANK YOU! I'LL  
BE GOING NOW!





# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

SHUDDERED APPREHENSIVELY AS HER INSANE LAUGHTER FOLLOWED ME UP THE TRAIL! I'D KNOWN SOMETHING OF HEMMING BACK IN THE CITY-- A SUCCESSFUL BUT SHADY STOCK BROKER WHO HAD AMASSED A FORTUNE BY UNSCRUPULOUS MANIPULATIONS AND THEN AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS CAREER THERE WAS A HORRIBLE AUTO ACCIDENT THAT LEFT HEMMING A HOPELESS GRIPPLE!



"AFTER THAT HEMMING RETIRED TO HIS HUNTING LODGE TO NURSE HIS BITTERNESS! BUT THEN, AS IF HIS ACCIDENT WASN'T ENOUGH--HIS PARTNER, DAN GORE, ABDONDED WITH THE FIRM'S MONEY!"



AFTER THAT ROUGH DEAL, ANY MAN WOULD BE AT THE END OF HIS ROPE! IT MUST BE AFFECTING HIM MENTALLY, THOUGH! IMAGINE USING THAT OLD HAG'S FAKE SPELLS TO GET GORE BACK!



POOR DEVIL! HIS MIND IS PROBABLY GIVING WAY UNDER THE STRAIN OF HIS TROUBLES! I WONDER HOW HE'LL TAKE THE NEWS I'M BRINGING!



"I ARRIVED AFTER NIGHTFALL TO FIND THE LODGE SEEMINGLY DESERTED! BUT WHEN I OPENED THE DOOR MY BLOOD CONGELED AT THE MACABRE SCENE BEFORE ME!"



IT'S--IT'S A BEETLE TIED TO A STRING!

WHAT SADISTIC MIND DEVISED THIS TORTURE FOR THAT POOR INSECT?

HOLD IT! DON'T TOUCH THAT BUG IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!



"THE GRIM DESPERATION OF THAT VOICE SEEMED TO COME FROM A SOUL TRAPPED IN PURGATORY! I TURNED TO BEHOLD THE SCARRED AND BROKEN WRECK THAT HAD ONCE BEEN ADAM HEMMING!"

MR. HEMMING, I'M FROM SHANE AND SHANE, THE DETECTIVES YOU HIRED TO FIND DAN GORE--

AND I SUPPOSE THEY'RE STILL DAWDLING ALONG ON THAT CASE!





# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

BUT, MR. HEMMING, I CAME  
HERE TO ...

... TO MAKE MORE  
EXCUSES, EH? I KNOW--  
I'M BEGINNING TO BE SICK  
OF THE WHOLE AFFAIR!  
I'M GOING TO GET GORE  
IN MY OWN WAY!



SEE THAT BEETLE? IT'S PART OF A HEX--  
A SPELL TO HELP ME GET MY HANDS  
ON GORE! I PAID A WOMAN  
FIFTY DOLLARS  
FOR IT!

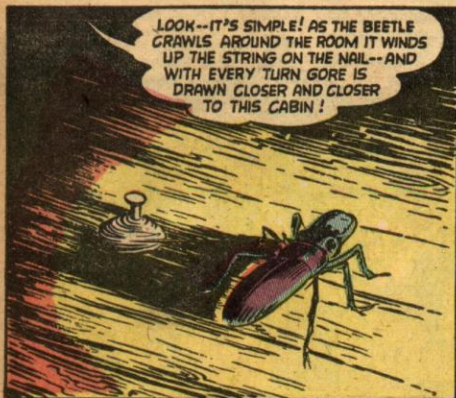
YOU MEAN THAT OLD  
CRONE WHO CALLS HER-  
SELF TOADSTOOL JENNY?  
SURELY YOU DON'T  
BELIEVE --?



AND WHY SHOULDN'T I BELIEVE IT?  
JENNY'S POTIONS EASED MY PAIN  
WHEN EVEN THE DOCTORS COULDN'T  
HELP ME! IF SHE SAYS THAT BEETLE  
HEX WILL BRING GORE BACK,  
THEN I BELIEVE HER!



LOOK--IT'S SIMPLE! AS THE BEETLE  
CRAWLS AROUND THE ROOM IT WINDS  
UP THE STRING ON THE NAIL--AND  
WITH EVERY TURN GORE IS  
DRAWN CLOSER AND CLOSER  
TO THIS CABIN!



I'VE HAD THE HEX WORKING SINCE  
LAST NIGHT! THAT STRING'S BEEN  
GETTING SHORTER EVERY HOUR--  
AND SOON --!



"THE BESTIAL FRENZY IN HIS EYES TOLD ME THAT  
HEMMING'S SANITY WAS TOTTERING AT THE BRINK  
OF A BOTTOMLESS VOID! I KNEW THEN THAT I  
HAD TO TELL HIM THE TRUTH BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE!"

HEMMING! LISTEN TO ME! YOU CAN'T BRING  
GORE BACK! HE'S DEAD! THAT'S WHAT  
I CAME HERE TO TELL YOU!

GORE DEAD!?  
NO! YOU'RE  
LYING!



YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME!  
GORE GAMBLLED AWAY ALL  
THE MONEY HE STOLE AND  
THEN COMMITTED SUICIDE  
A MONTH AGO!

GORE DEAD?  
YOU CAN'T MEAN  
THAT! YOU'RE JUST  
SAYING THAT TO  
FRIGHTEN ME!





# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

FRIGHTEN YOU?  
I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND!

JENNY--  
WHEN SHE SOLD ME  
THAT HEX, SHE SAID IT  
WOULD BRING BACK TO ME  
ANYONE IN THE WORLD OF  
THE LIVING AT MY CALL!



IF I USED THE SPELL TO TAMPER  
WITH THE DEAD, THEN THE HAND  
OF DEATH WOULD BE  
UPON ME!

HEMMING!  
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE,  
MAN, CALM YOURSELF!  
SURELY YOU DON'T  
BELIEVE THAT RIDICULOUS  
SPELL COULD---



AND THEN, IN THE NEXT MOMENT,  
THERE WAS A KNOCK ON THE  
DOOR!

GORE!  
I TELL YOU  
IT'S GORE  
GOME BACK  
FROM THE  
GRAVE!

LISTEN TO ME,  
HEMMING! YOU  
CAN'T BRING BACK  
THE DEAD! NOONE  
CAN!



THE DOOR CREAKED SLOWLY OPEN AND I  
REELED BACK, MY MIND CRUMBLING WITH  
HORROR AT WHAT I SAW!

**AAEIEE!**  
IT'S GORE!

I HAD TO COME, ADAM!  
YOU WERE CALLING  
ME!



BACK! GET BACK!  
GET AWAY  
FROM ME!

NO--I MUST COME  
CLOSER--CLOSER! I MUST!  
SOMETHING IS FORCING ME  
TO! FORCING ME!

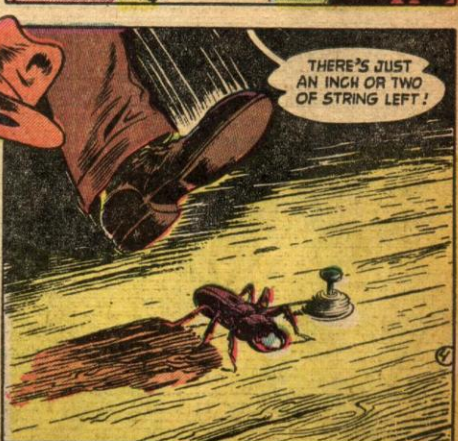


I STOOD THERE FROZEN WITH TERROR,  
ROOTED TO THE FLOOR IN MAD DISBELIEF  
AS THE GHOULISH DRAMA MOVED INEX-  
ORABLY TO ITS FINALE! AND THEN,  
SUDDENLY, I REALIZED WHAT I HAD  
TO DO!

IT'S THAT BEETLE!  
IT KEEPS DRAWING  
THAT CADAVER CLOSER  
TO HEMMING! I MUST  
STOP IT!



THERE'S JUST  
AN INCH OR TWO  
OF STRING LEFT!





# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



**DON'T TOUCH ME! DON'T!  
AAARRRGH!**

IT'S TOO LATE!  
TOO LATE!



**B**ACK IN SHANE'S OFFICE...

AND SO HE DIED THERE, IN THE CABIN--WITH THE HAND OF DEATH UPON HIM AS THE **HEX-WOMAN** HAD FORETOLD!



AND THAT'S THE STORY, SHANE!  
IT WAS THOSE HORRIBLE FEW HOURS  
THAT TURNED MY HAIR WHITE AND  
TRANSFORMED ME INTO AN  
OLD MAN!



SO YOU SEE I REALLY AM GIL BUTLER!  
AND NOW, IF YOU'LL PAY ME THE TWO  
HUNDRED DOLLARS YOU PROMISED  
ME FOR TAKING THAT MESSAGE  
TO HEMMING---

A MIGHTY  
GOOD STORY, FRIEND!  
BUT YOU DIDN'T REALLY  
EXPECT ME TO  
BELIEVE IT, DID YOU?



PLEASE! YOU'VE GOT TO  
BELIEVE ME! I NEED THAT  
MONEY TO GET INTO  
A SANITARIUM!

I DON'T KNOW  
WHO YOU ARE, BUT  
ON YOUR WAY BEFORE  
I CALL A COP!



PLEASE, SOMEBODY, WON'T  
YOU BELIEVE ME?  
YOU MUST BELIEVE ME!



POOR GIL BUTLER! HE DOESN'T  
REALIZE THAT HE CANNOT CONVINCE  
THE UNBELIEVING! FOR ONLY THOSE  
WHO HAVE EXPERIENCED IT KNOW THE  
INDESCRIBABLE HORROR THAT LIES  
JUST BEYOND THE THRESHOLD OF  
THE UNSEEN!



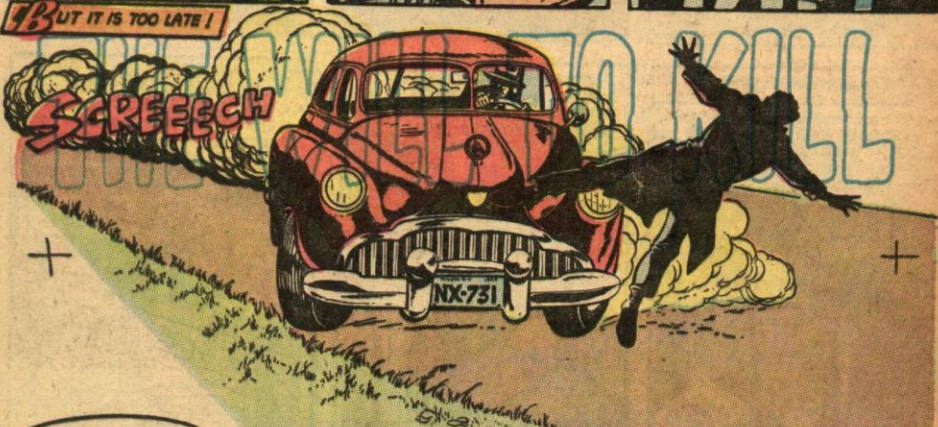
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# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



**BUT IT IS TOO LATE!**



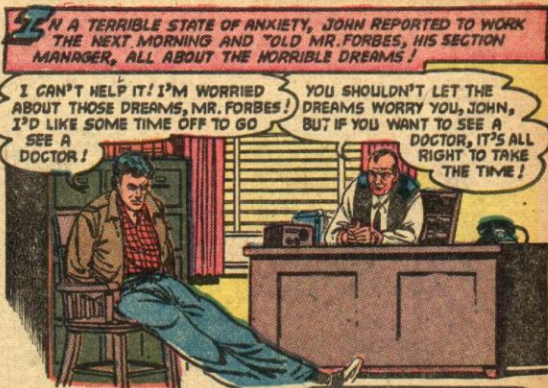


# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED





# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED





# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



THERE IS A WAY YOU COULD GET PROMOTED IF YOU MEAN WHAT YOU SAY ABOUT DOING **ANYTHING!** MR. FORBES IS AN OLD MAN! HE COULD BE PUT OUT OF THE WAY VERY EASILY!

WHAT? KILL MR. FORBES?

IT'S THE ONLY WAY, DARLING! YOU CAN DO IT IF YOU REALLY WANT ME!

MAYBE MR. FORBES IS THE FIGURE IN MY DREAMS AND I'VE WANTED TO KILL HIM ALL ALONG!

JOHN PIERCE COULD NOT EXPLAIN WHAT CAME OVER HIM! IT WAS THE WILD DESIRE TO FULFILL THE RECURRING DREAM...MAYBE IT WAS THE DREADFUL THOUGHT OF LOSING HILDA...BUT HE CAME TO A QUICK DECISION!

ALL RIGHT! WE'LL DO IT!

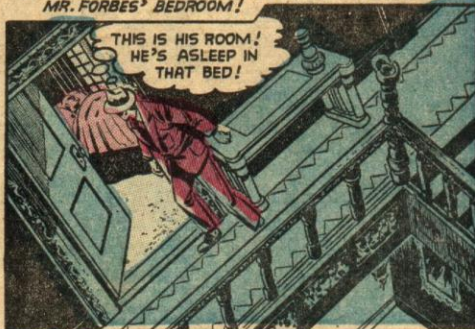


LATER THAT NIGHT, A CAR SLID SILENTLY UP TO THE DARKENED HOUSE OCCUPIED BY MR. FORBES!



THIS IS THE PLACE! NOW YOU WAIT IN THE CAR FOR ME!

SLOWLY AND CAREFULLY, JOHN PICKED HIS WAY THROUGH THE DARK ROOMS UNTIL HE FOUND MR. FORBES' BEDROOM!



THIS IS HIS ROOM! HE'S ASLEEP IN THAT BED!



I'M SORRY, MR. FORBES, BUT I'VE GOT TO DO IT! LIKE HILDA SAYS, THERE IS NO OTHER WAY!

JOHN HELD THE PILLOW DOWN OVER MR. FORBES' FACE UNTIL THE CONVULSIVE WRITHING STOPPED AND THE BODY WENT LIMP! MR. FORBES NEVER KNEW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!





# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

**A**S SILENTLY AS HE HAD ENTERED, JOHN RETURNED TO THE WAITING CAR!

HE'S FINISHED! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

I TOLD YOU IT WOULD BE EASY!



**B**UT AS THEY DROVE AWAY, THE EMOTIONAL STRAIN BEGAN TO TELL ON JOHN AS HE REALIZED THE ENORMITY OF HIS CRIME!

I'M A MURDERER! I KILLED A MAN! DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS? I'M A KILLER! OH, WHY DID I DO IT?



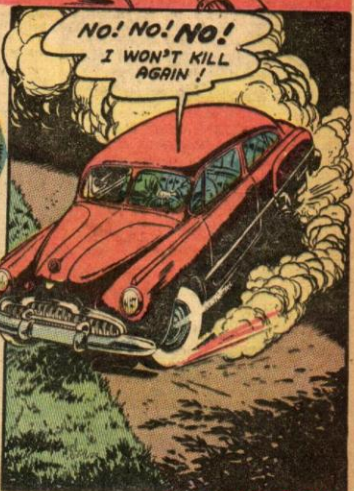
**H**IS WHOLE BEING REBELLED AGAINST HIS HEINOUS CRIME, AND AT THAT MOMENT...

IT'S HILDA! IT'S HILDA I WANTED TO KILL BECAUSE SHE DROVE ME SO!

AAAH!

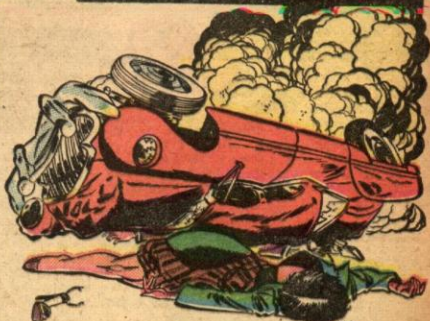
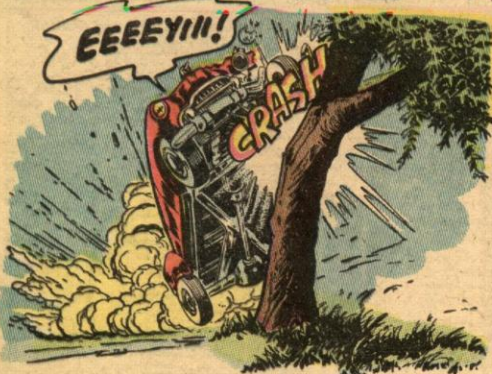


NO! NO! NO!  
I WON'T KILL AGAIN!



EEEEYIII!

CRASH



**T**HUS ENDED THE TRAGIC SHORT-CUT TO SUCCESS OF JOHN PIERCE! THE FIGURE ON THE ROAD? YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT IN JOHN'S MIND, IT WAS REAL!

The End



# Now! The Amazing Facts about

# BALDNESS

## ...AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT



The following facts are brought to the attention of the public because of a widespread belief that nothing can be done about hair loss. This belief has no basis in medical fact. Worse, it has condemned many men and women to needless baldness by their neglect to treat certain accepted causes of hair loss.

There are six principal types of hair loss, or alopecia, as it is known in medical terms:

1. Alopecia from diseases of the scalp
2. Alopecia from other diseases or from an improper functioning of the body
3. Alopecia of the aged (senile baldness)
4. Alopecia areata (loss of hair in patches)
5. Alopecia of the young (premature baldness)
6. Alopecia at birth (congenital baldness)

Senile, premature and congenital alopecia cannot be helped by anything now known to modern science. Alopecia from improper functioning of the body requires the advice and treatment of your family physician.

### BUT MANY MEDICAL AUTHORITIES NOW BELIEVE A SPECIFIC SCALP DISEASE IS THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF HAIR LOSS.

This disease is called Seborrhea and can be broadly classified into two clinical forms with the following symptoms:

1. **DRY SEBORRHEA:** The hair is dry, lifeless, and without gloss. A dry flakey dandruff is usually present with accompanying itching. Hair loss is considerable and increases with the progress of this disease.
2. **OILY SEBORRHEA:** The hair and scalp are oily and greasy. The hair is slightly sticky to the touch and has a tendency to mat together. Dandruff takes the form of head scales. Scalp is usually itchy. Hair loss is severe with baldness as the end result.

Many doctors agree that to NEGLECT these symptoms of DRY and OILY SEBORRHEA is to INVITE BALDNESS.

Seborrhea is believed to be caused by three germ organisms — *staphylococcus albus*, *pytiosporum ovale*, and *acnes bacillus*.

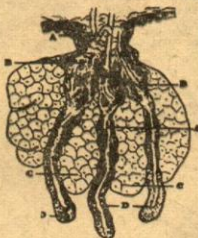
These germs attack the sebaceous gland causing an abnormal working of this fat gland. The hair follicle, completely surrounded by the enlarged diseased sebaceous gland, then begins to atrophy. The hair produced becomes smaller and smaller until the hair follicle dies. Baldness is the inevitable result. (See illustration.)

But seborrhea can be controlled, particularly in its early stages. The three germ organisms believed to cause seborrhea, can and should be eliminated before they destroy your normal hair growth.

A post-war development, Comate Medicinal Formula kills these three germ organisms on contact. Proof of Comate's germ-killing properties has been demonstrated in laboratory tests recently conducted by one of the leading testing laboratories in America. (Complete report on file and copies are available on request.)

When used as directed, Comate Medicinal Formula controls seborrhea—stimulates the flow of blood to the scalp—helps stop scalp itch and burn—improves the appearance of your hair and scalp—helps STOP HAIR LOSS due to seborrhea. Your hair looks more attractive and alive.

You may safely follow the example of thousands who first were skeptical, then curious, and finally decided to avail themselves of Comate Medicinal Formula.



**DESTRUCTION OF HAIR FOLLICLES  
Caused By Seborrhea**

A — Dead hair; B — Hair-destroying bacteria; C — Hypertrophied sebaceous gland; D — Atrophic follicle.

### A Few of the Many Grateful Expressions By Users of Comate Medicinal Formula

"My hair was coming out for years and I tried everything. Nothing stopped it until I tried Comate. Now my hair has stopped coming out. It looks so much thicker. My friends have noticed my hair and they all say it looks so much better."  
—Mrs. R.E.J., Stevenson, Ala.

"Your hair formula got rid of my dandruff; my head does not itch any more. I think it is the best of all of the formulas I have used."  
—E.E., Hamilton, Ohio.

"Your formula is everything you claim it to be and the first 10 days trial freed me of a very bad case of dry seborrhea."  
—J.E.M., Long Beach, Calif.

"I do want to say that just within five days I have obtained a great improvement in my hair. I do want to thank you and the Comate Laboratories for producing such a wonderful and amazing formula."  
—M.M., Johnstown, Pa.

"I have found almost instant relief. My itching has stopped with one application."  
—J.N., Stockton, Calif.

"My hair looks thicker, not falling out like it used to. Will not be without Comate in the house."  
—R.W., Lonsdale, N. I.

"I haven't had any trouble with dandruff since I started using Comate."  
—W.W., Galveston, Tex.

"This formula is everything if not more than you say it is. I am very happy with what it's doing for my hair."  
—T.J., Las Cruces, New Mexico

"I find it stops the itch and retards the hair fall. I am thankful for the help it has given me in regard to the terrible itches."  
—R.H.L., Philadelphia, Pa.

"The bottle of Comate I got from you has done my hair so much good. My hair has been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years. It has improved so much."  
—Mrs. J.E., Lisbon, Ga.

Today these benefits are available to you just as they were to these sincere men and women when they first read about Comate. If your hair is thinning, over-dry or over-oily—if you are troubled with dandruff with increasing hair loss—you may well be guided by the laboratory tests and the experience of thousands of grateful men and women.

Remember, if your hair loss is due to Seborrhea, Comate CAN and MUST help you. If it is due to causes beyond the reach of Comate Medicinal Formula, you have nothing to lose because our GUARANTY POLICY assures the return of your money unless delighted. So why delay when that delay may cause irreparable damage to your hair and scalp. Just mail the coupon below.

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☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$5.00 plus postal charges.

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